

## PENALTY OF FAME.

Greatness Most Suffer From Slandering Tongues.

How Wall Street Trades on Washington Falsehoods.

## LIES ON CLEVELAND.

His Physical Condition—Indifference for Walking.

—WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 11.—[Special.]—Wall street has some peculiar connections with Washington. From what sources "the street" derives its information as to what is going on in the capital, no one knows, but it gets some strange and wonderful news from these parts. A few days ago, while President Cleveland, Secretaries Gresham and Cady and "Fighting Bob" Evans were down the river on a shooting trip, Wall street became very much excited. It had heard—Heaven only knows how—that President Cleveland was losing his mind; that he had completely broken down; that he was in such a sad condition that his friends of the cabinet were considering the advisability of taking him away for a long rest.

Wall street heard these things in some unaccountable manner and evidently placed more or less faith in them, because it fired a salvo of telegrams into Washington that day asking for the facts about the president's condition. The blunder that it then made was to fire a salvo of telegrams into Wall street itself. Wall street saw how it was being deceived, and it was not long before it was in a position to tell the president's friends that he was in a sad condition, and that he was in such a sad condition that his friends of the cabinet were considering the advisability of taking him away for a long rest.

The senators, representatives and office seekers who call on him occasionally to appointments and to be made to believe that Mr. Cleveland is in a sad condition of mind, and that he is in such a sad condition that his friends of the cabinet are considering the advisability of taking him away for a long rest.

The men who call on the president find him sharp, alert, keen in his analysis of character and conditions and fully able to cope with the bright men who do business with him. Stories are told every day of the president's remarkable power of carrying small matters to his mind. If any chance whatever is noticeable in his manner, it is an increasing tendency to smile, and his eyes are full of a light that no one can see but his own.

Of course these stories concerning Mr. Cleveland's mental condition have been in circulation in Washington. But here, where the facts are known, scarcely a second thought is given to them. When the president's mental condition is under discussion, it is a few weeks ago, some people thought they could see in the evidence of the hand of Secretary Gresham. Feeding their imagination with trifles, these extra news papers declared the whole message had been written by Gresham. He had said that the president had done so to sign his name. In the same way some smart persons thought they could see evidence of the hand of Dan Lambert in the preparation of the president's annual message.

During Mr. Cleveland's term a great many people could never be induced to believe anything else than that the president's private secretary prepared all of the messages to Congress, state papers and speeches. Of course the facts are, as we all know—all who take the trouble to ascertain facts—a physical condition—that he could not possibly be induced to believe anything else than that the president's private secretary prepared all of the messages to Congress, state papers and speeches.

The Hawaiian romance was more characteristic of Mr. Cleveland than anything he has written for years. It is absolutely unaccountable. And how any intelligent man could honestly suspect it to be Gresham's work—to whose style it bears no resemblance whatever—is beyond fathoming. Whatever may be the strength or the weakness of Grover Cleveland as a public man, inability to prepare the state papers, which bear his signature, cannot be charged against him.

Along the White House. One of the penalties of fame is to be lied about. President Cleveland is no exception to the rule. Not long ago the newspapers were filled with stories to the effect that the president was a physical coward—that he lived in daily fear of assassination. The tales had an increased force of watchmen on the White House grounds; they told of the president's sudden desertion of his country house for the executive mansion; they related the fact that he had employed a mounted policeman to accompany him on his drives to and from Woodley; they laid great stress upon the future of the president ever to take walks in the streets or about the White House grounds.

There is just this much truth in these tales. The president left Woodley sooner than he had expected to do because he found too much time was taken from his work in passing to and fro, and because the approach of winter made the country seat less comfortable than the executive mansion. He did have a mounted policeman detailed to ride along with him along the lonely roads, but in doing so followed more the advice of Mrs. Cleveland and members of his cabinet, who urged him to prudence, than any promptings of his own fears. It was a wise and proper thing to do. In no other country the president would be considered to ride about in a lonely country road, day or night, without attendance. There has been an increase of the watch force about the executive mansion, but the increase consists of the addition of a single man.

Mr. Cleveland does not take walks in the streets or about the grounds, as Harrison, Hayes, Grant and other presidents did, for the reason that he does not like walking, claims not to need the exercise, and in fact does appear to get along very well without it. On his vacations, whether in Delaware, at Saratoga lake or down the Potomac, Mr. Cleveland goes about as fearlessly and unpretentiously as any private citizen. The charge of physical cowardice will not be against him, all newspaper stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Good work done by the Peeries.

## THE TROMBONE PLAYER.

A Girl Plays Him False, but He Gets Even With Her.

CHAPTER I. When the trombone player left the home of the girl he loved, he was in a bad mood. The world was darkness to him. Children frolicked in the street, and women conversed gaily with and about each other. Strong men strode into each other's faces and borrowed fine out.

But the trombone player muttered, and upon his bloodless lips there were only words of hate.

"False!" he hissed.

Turning upon his heel, he walked away.

CHAPTER II. "Frederick," she persisted, "I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," rejoined he upon whose vest her head rested, "He is a coward. Forget his threats."

Yet a sigh fluttered her bosom, and all the evening while they talked of the future and of how her maid was with the snail when she had rejected, and how terrible look haunted her.

"I am frightened," she whispered.

"Fear not," he answered and kissed her. But at night she started awfully from her sleep and seemed to see sinister eyes and to hear curses.

CHAPTER III. They were in the \$1.50 ward, and her heart was light. Her eyes sparkled with joy and he was glad to see her happy.

Suddenly she clutched his arm.

"Look!" she cried in startled tones.

The orchestra was entering.

Her glance was riveted upon the trombone player.

"Frederick!"

"Darling!"

"Let us go home."

"No, dearest. Am I not with you?"

Gradually she grew calmer.

It was the overture to the last act.

Great waves of sound, and especially from the trombone, rose from the orchestra and swept through the theater.

Without an instant's warning the tumult ceased, and the music grew soft.

"Is my sweet feeling lower's pity leky sing?"

The world heard it.

The trombone player's pale face was lighted by a sardonic smile. He felt that the director was planning mischief at him. He conjectured that he would lose his job. But he was content.

Vengeance was his—Trom.

Wall Pleased.

"This is the smoking car, madam."

"An' that's what I can hear her."

"Thank ye, soot"—Life.

A Couple of Experts.

The talk had drifted to mental phenomena when suddenly the maiden shyly asked:

"Are you a mind reader, Horace?"

"I am, Susie," he said.

"And she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its shining outlines in his vest pocket."—Chicago Tribune.

A Hard Case.

Miss Tuff—Angeline is in great trouble just now.

Miss Tuff—What's the matter?

Miss Tuff—She is engaged to a two-headed man in the museum, and her father swears that if she marries him he'll have her arrested for bigamy.—Truth.

Discrimination.

"The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Musclev."

"It was indeed."

"I suppose she has given up her piano playing entirely?"

"No. She still plays, but only on the black keys."—The Sun.

One Way.

The Dejected One—Jack, I don't know what to do. Here are a lot of bills, and I haven't got a cent. Can't you suggest some way to raise the wind?

Jack—How would a dent do?—Princeton Tiger.

A Misconception.

Critic—I tell you what it is, Mr. McDoubt, those ostriches are simply superb. You shouldn't paint anything but blis.

Artist (disgusted)—They are not ostriches. They are angels.—Life.

Judge Not.

Binkers—I don't see how you can laugh at Sephead's insane jokes.

Winkers—You would if you knew his pretty sister.—New York Weekly.

His Particular Aim.

Mrs. Watts—Are you anxious to earn a good dinner, my poor man?

Wary Winkers—Not half as anxious as I am for the dinner.—Truth.

The Reason.

Jasper—Is Carson married?

Jumpup—He must be. He has been smoking bad cigars ever since Christmas.—New York Herald.

## HOLD UP YOUR HANDS

Said Chris Evans at Fowler, California.

Officers on the Scene Couldn't Hit a Barn.

## A LIVELY FIGHT

Took Place and the Robbers Got Away.

FRESNO, Cal., Jan. 11.—Two men believed to be Chris Evans, the Visalia bandit and his promising under-study, Ed Morrell, raided the town of Fowler last evening. Another tale of blood shed and terror is the result.

Fowler is a little village of 300 inhabitants ten miles southeast of Fresno. George Leon, the station agent and three men employed as section hands were in the depot at 7 o'clock, just after the Los Angeles express had passed.

While the four men were talking, a masked man with a revolver in each hand appeared at the open door and ordered them to throw up their hands. Not one hesitated to obey.

At this juncture Howard Harris and A. Vincent, prominent business men of Fowler, stopped upon the depot platform and took in the situation. They were about to run away and give the alarm when the robbers ordered them through the door.

The outlaw, still keeping the other men covered, backed slowly out of the door and ordered Harris and Vincent into the depot, saying he would let them if they refused. They naturally went in.

The masked man then stood the six citizens up against the wall, covering them with one revolver and went through their pockets. He secured a little over \$10.

The daring freebooter then ordered his six prisoners into the street and made them walk down through the principal thoroughfare to Kainer Goldstein's grocery.

The robber followed his six prisoners into the store and it was evidently his intention alone and single handed to loot the grocery. However, just as he ordered three men previously in the store to throw up their hands, the proceeding was interrupted by Constables Ochs and Nelson.

Then began a bloody shooting affray. Ochs, with his pistol drawn rushed into the store. The bandit turned upon him and fired and Ochs fell and rolled out through the door, being at the robber from the floor. His aim was wild, however, and the constable shot one citizen through the arm and another in the breast.

The man hit in the breast was struck by a spent bullet and not seriously hurt, though knocked down. During the general fusillade, the robber escaped and disappeared in the darkness. Another robber rushed upon the scene, however, during the battle in the grocery.

A wagon dashed up to the door and the driver began shooting at Constable Ochs, thus aiding in the escape of the robber within. The man in the wagon then drove rapidly away. This man answers the description of Chris Evans. In the other robber who was a landish lunatic kerchief over his face, the men attacked, believe they recognize Ed Morrell. The robber told them also that his name was Morrell. It is believed here the bandits belonging pressed for food and money, came down from the mountains determined to make a haul.

A posse left this city last night to organize a pursuit from Fowler. Constable Charles Ochs, who is badly wounded in the thigh and groin, was one of the jurors who convicted Chris Evans of the murder of Deputy United States Marshal Wilson.

Ochs declares that he wounded the younger of the two robbers. It is generally agreed here and in Fowler that the daring raid was the work of Evans and Morrell.

## SLURS LOWELL AGAIN.

Buchanan Calls Him a Fine English Gentleman Born in America.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—Robert Buchanan, in a letter to the Chronicle, says: "My description of James Russell Lowell, published in the Chronicle on January 6 seems to have aroused much journalistic wrath, and I am assured that Mr. Lowell is a great poet and critic."

"I should rather describe him as a cultivated English gentleman who happened to be born in America, but that is a mere matter of opinion."

Mr. Lowell was a most agreeable writer, but I decline to accept him as representing in any sense the country which Whitman, Thoreau, Herman Melville, Whitman and Mark Twain."

## MORE THAN IT WANTS.

Russia to Establish Banks With Money Sent to Finance Sufferers.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—A dispatch to the Times from St. Petersburg says: The Russian naval program for 1894, provides for the spending of 5,000,000 pounds which is between two and three millions more than the total credit for the last two years.

Of this amount 1,800,000 pounds is allotted for naval construction and 250,000 for guns. The programme includes the construction of two new first-class ironclads, in addition to a number of cruisers and torpedo boats.

The budget surplus is not remarkable considering the good harvest of the last year, but it is extraordinary that the famine year of 1893 also closed with a surplus of fifty millions. Besides this, the large amount of money given for the relief of the people in the famine-stricken districts by Englishmen and Americans, was left in the hands of the central authorities.

This amounts to about two million rubles and the authorities do not know how to employ it. It is proposed that it be devoted to the creation of small agricultural loan banks among the peasantry.

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## SIX WEEKS' SKATING.

"THE HOOKS" UNPARALLELED LONG COLD SNAP WITHOUT SNOW.

In Those Days the Cressie Skate With Straps and Heel Calks Was Monarch of the Ice.

Broiled Fish, Roasted Potatoes and Coffee Served At Fresno.

The boys who lived in the village called by its inhabitants The Hook considered themselves especially favored in the matter of weather during the early part of the winter of 1893-7. Three or four days before Thanksgiving Jack Frost swooped down from the north by night and locked the smaller streams and spread over the big millpond around

lites of herself and her sisters held up their hands in holy horror.

Miss Lucella paled when she saw how her speech affected her hearers, for she had intended to try to learn to skate herself before the glorious opportunity should pass away. If she hadn't been a school mistress whose income was dependent on the pleasure of the villagers, there is no doubt she would have braved public opinion, no matter how strong, but as it was she didn't, to her lifelong regret, and the good people of The Hook saw no "lady skaters" that winter.

As time passed and the ice retained its strength and gloss the skill of the skaters increased, and ice skating therefore untempted became common. The playing of "shinney" and "fox and geese" came to be regarded as calling into play no special ability, and the skater who could do nothing more difficult than the "Dutch roll" and skating backward was but an ordinary performer. The stars of the pond learned to write their names on the ice, to skate a long way on one foot and to perform what would now be called the "outside edge," besides divers other seeming impossibilities before not even heard of.

A few days before Christmas it was proposed to do some fishing through the ice, and all hands joined in the sport, and all said that it was strange no one had thought of it before. The result was gratifying. The pond was full of pickered, and they bit greedily. So abundant was the take that when some one proposed that some of the fish be broiled at the log fires by the side of the pond and eaten by the skaters it was agreed to. The feminine contingent limited this proposition with joy, for it gave them something to do. The second day of the fish broiling one of the women suggested that it would be a good idea to add coffee to the fish, and then some one proposed to bake potatoes in the ashes, and little by little the meals upon the ice grew in variety until quite a menu was served every day.

This plan was not altogether liked by the mothers of boys, who until then had been certain of seeing their sons at least once or twice a day when the youngsters got hungry, but it was found to be impossible to break up the practice, and finally everybody joined in the general mania excepting a few who couldn't find it in their hearts to endorse so long a period of devotion to pure pleasure. These persons said that the craze for the skating pond was ruining the winter term of school. The boys and even some of the girls, they pointed out, were prone to "play hooky" and make for the pond upon the slightest opportunity, and they continued, Principal Jones and his as-

which the village was built a film of thick black ice, which for perfect smoothness far surpassed anything that had ever been seen there before. And as the old heads of the village prophesied that the cold snap was likely to be a long one, there was a general sharpening up of skates for the week.

The skaters of today would be vastly amused by the queer skates that were in the possession of the boys of The Hook 37 years ago. There were no club skates there. Most of the boys had cressie boots with heel calks—"corks," they called them—and every one fastened his skates on with straps. There were a few flat bottomed skates, and most of them were fitted with screws in the heels. These were considered by their owners to be far superior to those of older style, especially as the screw in the heel rendered toe straps unnecessary, but in this opinion the owners of the cressies did not coincide. They held that the cressie was a great aid to rapid skating, and that those who had the flat skates were offensively devoted to slow fangled notions.

When after repeated tests by the eager boys and some of the younger fathers it was found that a uniform thickness of two or three inches had formed, and the 50 or 60 boys of the village and neighborhood were let loose to enjoy the glacial delights of the ice, the contention warmed, for it was soon discovered that the superiority rested in the skater and not in the skates. Besides every one was too busy skating to quarrel.

There is no doubt that the weeks between Thanksgiving and Christmas were among the most enjoyable ever vouchsafed to the youngsters of The Hook. Nor were the boys and young men the only ones who partook of the frigid pleasure of the time. As the days passed and the temperature remained steadily below the freezing point, almost without wind and with no fall of snow, and the ice got thicker and stiffer the middle aged men got out their skates or took them away from their sons and exploited themselves on the ice. By the time a fortnight had rolled around the old men took a hand, or rather a foot, in the sport, and there were as many graybeards as racy cheeked boys daily skimming over the pond's frozen surface.

Great fires were built along the edge of the pond, where the skaters warmed themselves and from which they got light to enable them to skate by night, and finally the women and girls turned out every afternoon to view the fun vicariously and sometimes actually—that

QUITE A MENU WAS SERVED.

stant, Miss Lucella, were greatly to blame that they did not find means to compel their pupils to stick closer to their books.

The wisecracks predicted that more than one evil would result from the prevalent craze. The joints would be strained unduly, they said, especially the knee joints, and the result would be case after case of "water on the knee," and they painted lurid word pictures of how some of the most active skaters of the village would have to go through the rest of their lives crippled and dependent on crutches. There was also the danger that the ice would break. It was indeed thick, but the great weight it was daily called upon to bear in the shape of a hundred skaters might at any time prove too much for it, "and," said refined Sailor Tom "Darius," "then there'll be such a cyclone as you won't never forget—I say you won't never forget." Just what he meant by "cyclone" no one knows.

Fortunately no one was drowned, though two boys did come near to it by skating into a square of water whence the tavern keeper had removed the ice for his icehouse. These youngsters went "plumb to the bottom to once," they said, and proved it, too, by the blue clay they brought up on their skate irons. They were rescued without much difficulty and hustled away to a big fire at the head of the pond, and their clothes dried on their bodies instead of being sent home to worry their mothers, who claimed to be among those most opposed to the sport. The prediction as to strains and bruises came nearer verification, but though the doctor did have a pretty good run of "millpond practice," as he phrased it, that winter, no one suffered lasting injury.

Two days before Christmas a heavy snowstorm began and lasted for 24 hours, and there was no skating after that, until paths up and down the ice had been shoveled clear. That was accomplished by noon of Christmas, however, and the holiday was enjoyed on the ice by all who could turn out. There was no more snow for a fortnight longer, and every day the paths were extended a little further, till there were, all told, several miles of them.

On the 15th of the month, however, a storm began that lasted almost a week, and when the clouds cleared away there was quite four feet of snow on the level, and the weight that rested on the ice caused it to sink, become flooded and spoiled. A certain old diary filled with crabbed, boyish handwriting contains this entry for Jan. 21, 1897:

"No more skating this winter. Think shall now study some nites and catch up with my class."

Traditions of the skating season of 1893-7 are still current at The Hook and its vicinity.

I. D. MARSHALL.

SHIMING IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Is, they "aid" and were pulled on sleds by the men and boys and stood about the fire and watched their sliding brothers and sons and sweethearts and fathers and husbands and grandfathers, and wished that women, too, might skate.

For, singularly enough, the girls and women did not skate. Such a thing was unheard of at The Hook. It was understood by some of the inhabitants of the village that in some places women did skate. Miss Lucella Morse, the school mistress, said that in Holland women were quite as expert in their use of the gleaming steel as the men, and for her part she couldn't see why they shouldn't be. This was a very bold idea for any female of The Hook to propound, and the ladies who heard Miss Lucella declare her belief in the skating rights and still-

SLID AND WERE PULLED ON SLED.

which the village was built a film of thick black ice, which for perfect smoothness far surpassed anything that had ever been seen there before. And as the old heads of the village prophesied that the cold snap was likely to be a long one, there was a general sharpening up of skates for the week.

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